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"They met once a week, on Monday evenings, at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard Street . . ."—Leslie and Taylor's *Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds* (London, 1865), vol. i, p. 228.

"He went without dinner on Fridays . . ."—Thackeray, *Pendennis*, vol. ii, ch. xxv, p. 304.—"Except on market days there is nobody in the streets."—*Id.*, vol. i, ch. xv, p. 154.

"He [the English labourer] wears broad-cloth on Sundays, and sometimes at his work too."—E. T. Keibel, *English Country Life*, p. 170.

But *of* is also found in such relations,—though not so often as *on*:

"Pen had been standing with his back to the window, and to such a dubious light as Bury Street enjoys of a foggy January morning."—*Pendennis*, vol. i, ch. xx, p. 222.—"So Mr. Pen and Miss Laura found the society at Clavering Park an uncommonly agreeable resort of summer evenings."—*Pendennis*, vol. i, ch. xxii, p. 252.

"It was his custom of a Sunday, when this meal was over, to sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry divinity on his reading desk. . . ."—Robert Louis Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, ch. ii.

When the day, afternoon, evenings, etc., is *not* named or qualified by a defining word or phrase, a customary act or occurrence is regularly followed by *of*:

" . . . he was rarely to be found anywhere of an evening beyond the bounds of his own parish . . ."—George Eliot, *Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story*, ch. i.—"Mr. Bates is habitually a guest in the the housekeeper's room of an evening . . ."—*Id.*, ch. iv.—" . . . seated by his fireside of an evening . . ."—*Id.*, *Essays (Worldliness and other-Worldliness)*.

" . . . cutting down branches of a night to secure himself from the wild beasts . . ."—J. H. Newman, *Historical Sketches*, vol. ii, p. 401.

" . . . the staircase and passageway were often thronged of a morning with a set of beggarly and piratical-looking scoundrels . . ."—Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Our Old Home*, p. 19.

" . . . his father was quietly reading, according to his custom when he sat at home of an evening."—Henry James, *The Reverberator*, ch. viii.

" . . . after reading pretty hard of a morning, and, I fear, not law merely, but politics and general history and literature . . ."—*Pendennis*, vol. i, ch. xxx.

" . . . he used to have two candles on his table of an evening."—William Hazlitt, *Sketches and Essays* (London, 1884), p. 373.

"His waistcoat of a morning was pale buff—of an evening, embroidered velvet."—Lytton, *The Caxtons*, vol. i, part ii, ch. ii.

And in the plural:

" . . . and here Pen was introduced to a number of gallant young fellows with spurs and mustachios, with whom he drank pale-ale of mornings, and beat the town of a night."—*Pendennis*, ch. xix.

The observance by writers of the foregoing distinctions in the use of *on* and *of* is probably seldom premeditated, and no doubt is often neglected; but an examination of a large number of cases in a considerable variety of writing seems to show that customary usage recognizes the differences indicated. Linguistic distinctions are often blurred and confused by impressions of phrases similar in sound. Perhaps the distinctions we have been considering have been blurred, more or less, by the influence of such partitive phrases as those below.

" . . . when he and she and John, at towards nine o'clock of a winter evening, went to London . . ."—Dickens, *Our Mutual Friend*, Bk. iv, ch. xii.

"It was near nine o'clock of a moonlight evening . . ."—Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Snow Image and other Twice-told Tales* (My Kinsman, Major Molineux).—"One afternoon of a cold winter's day, when the sun shone forth with chilly brightness . . ."—*Id.*, *The Snow-Image*.

But there is a tendency to confuse *of* and *on* apart from such an influence. It should be added that Thackeray, although cited several times above, seems to have had no discriminative rule as to *on* and *of* in cases of customary action.

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NOTES ON LYRIC POETRY.

POPULAR poems have, in all ages, suggested replies and begot the inspiration of rival work. The tournament sonnet of the later days of Queen Elizabeth is well known, and has been frequently discussed though, one may suspect, not yet exhaustively. To anyone who is desirous of learning how widely diffused such parallels are, and in how great a depth of antiquity their originals are rooted, Prof. Albert S.

Cook's notes on the series, "Care Charmer Sleep" are to be recommended. (MOD. LANG. NOTES, iv, 8, 229, and v, 1, 11.) It is not with the sonnet that we are for the moment concerned, but with the direct answer to a previous poem, or a second poem written in imitation or emulation of an earlier one. As early as the second edition of Tottel's *Miscellany*—and I am not concerned here to look earlier than Tottel—we find verses answering the sentiments expressed in certain poems of the first impression; and subsequent anthologies show the same thing.

As might be supposed, the most popular poems were those most frequently answered, imitated, or parodied. Thus Marlowe's famous *Come live with me and be my love*, which first appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, was reprinted the next year in *England's Helicon*, with two poems which its popularity had inspired. One of them is anonymous, the other is ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh under the title, *The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd*. This latter poem, which is almost as fine as Marlowe's original, takes the tone of a serious doubt of the duration and reality of "these pretty pleasures." Next comes Donne, who, while successfully imitating "the smooth lines of Kit Marlowe," characteristically fills his verses with conceits and makes his fair mistress "the bait."¹ Lastly and years after, Herrick transmutes pastoral, moralizing, and conceit into a pure little idyl of English country life, in which the maiden is promised:

Thy feasting-tables shall be hills
With daisies spread and daffodils;
Where thou shalt sit, and redbreast by
For meat shall give thee melody.²

In this series of lyrics, all on the same general theme, the nature of each poet is plainly discernible, and may be studied as to contrast better than where each has chosen his own subject. In another series of parallels, the poetical employment of a single figure—that in which the suit of a lover is likened to the attack or siege of a defended town—furnishes us with illustrations of several of the fashions in the lyric which succeeded each other between the reign of Henry VIII and

¹ See Donne, ed. 1650, p. 57.

² Hale, *Selections from Herrick*, p. 88.

that of James II. In the earliest version, that of Lord Vaux, entitled *The Assault of Cupid*, and printed in Tottel we have, after the manner of the time, a well sustained little allegory in which figure Fancy, "Desire shrouded in his targe," "Beauty walking up and down on the ramparts, bow in hand," and "Good-Will, the Master of shot." The citadel is the lover's heart which yields expeditiously to the assaults of Beauty. In a second version, that of *The Phoenix's Nest*, 1578, we are still in the land of allegory, but the opening line,

Pass forth in dolefull dumps, my verse,

the "grizzled grief," and "heavy hap," proclaim our proximity to the chilling atmosphere of that iceberg of these early poetical seas, *The Mirror for Magistrates*. Here the allegory is transferred to an attack by sea, and the pirate is Detraction, his ship manned by Ignorance, Suspicion and Envy. The unfortunate victim is captured and, bound by Carking Care and Fell Annoy, is brought before my Lady Disdain, thrown in prison, and denied even the access of his friend, Troth. These verses are a didactic observation on the ingratitude of the world, and as far from poetry as didactic verses usually are.

Passing by a poem in *The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578, (Park, *Heliconia*, p. 103) in which the figure is more than once employed, though not extensively, and omitting the cases of its use in prose in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, and elsewhere, we reach the anonymous *Beauty's Fort* (printed in Arber's *English Garner*, 1, 128), which dates later in the same century. Here we have the allegory of Lord Vaux inverted, and it is Beauty that is besieged by raging Love. Although the fair besieged has allies in Chastity and Prudence, "she hath traitors in her camp," and yields at last to the combined attacks of her outward and inner foes. Here the poet touches the moral note, but cleverly evades the question, remarking in conclusion:

She needs must yield her castle strong,
And Love triumphs once more:
'Tis only what the boy hath done
A thousand times before.

In 1580, Humphrey Gifford employed the same figure by way of simile in the following stanza of a very pretty poem (*A Posie of Gil-*

loflowes, Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies Library, p. 84):

Like as a fort or fenced town,
By foes assault that lies in field,
When bulwarks all are beaten down,
Is by perforce constrained to yield:
So I that could no while withstand
The battery of your pleasant love,
The flag of truce took in my hand,
And meant your mercy for to prove.

With Sidney's *Stella!* whence doth this new assault arise? (*Astrophel and Stella*, Son. 36) the figure of siege and assault enters the voluminous sonnet literature of the age. It is found everywhere; in Linche's *Diella*, 1590;

When Love had first besieged my heart's strong wall,
Rampered and countermured with Chastity,
And had with ordnance made his tops to fall,
Stooping their glory to his surquedry:
I called a parley, etc.,

and in the anonymous *Zepheria*, Canzon twenty-five; and in Percy's *Coelia*, of the same date, where the subject is elaborated into a whole sonnet.

In that curious and enigmatic book of verses, *Willobie his Avis*, 1594, this figure is recurred to again and again, and forms practically the theme of a whole part of the work. See especially: "To plant a siege and yet depart, etc." (Canto xix, Spenser Society's ed. of *Avisa*); "The wise men seek the strongest fort, And paper castles most detest" (ib. p. 39); and Canto xlix, where the figure is extended once more into the familiar allegory:

You are the chieftain that have laid
This heavy siege to strengthless fort,
And Fancy that my will betrayd
Hath lent Despair his strongest port, etc.
(ib. p. 84).

Even Spenser did not disdain a variation on the familiar theme in his *Amoretti*, Son. xiv:

Retourne agayne, my forces late dismayd,
Unto the siege by you abandon'd quite.
Great shame it is to leave, like one afraide,
So fayre a peece for one repulse so light.
'Gaynst such strong castles needeth greater might
Then those small forts which ye were wont belay:
Such haughty mynds, enur'd to hardy fight,
Disdayn to yield unto the first assay.

Years later when Carew wrote his *A Deposition from Love*, the old figure was flitting in his mind in the words, "Could we the fortress win," and again in the last stanza:

Hard fate! to have been once possess'd

As victor of a heart,
Achieved with labor and unrest,
And then forced to depart.
If the stout foe will not resign,
When I besiege a town,
I lose but what was never mine;
But he that is cast down
From enjoyed beauty, feels a woe
Only deposed kings can know.

At length the cynical coxcombr of Sir John Suckling casts this obvious old similitude into an imperishable artistic form in his poem, *The Siege*, which is too well known to need more than a mention here; and Sir Charles Sedley, original in nothing yet clever in all, echoed Sir John in the song of the third Act of *Belamira*. (*Works of Sedley*, ed. 1778, ii, 141.) With this we may dismiss the subject.

One of the neatest pieces of actual parody amongst the lyrics of the age of Elizabeth is one pointed out by Mr. Bullen, in the Introduction to his *Lyrics from Elizabethan Romances*. Thomas Lodge, who is frequently imitative of the matter and manner of French poets, his contemporaries and predecessors, imitates one of the meters of Ronsard in a particularly daring manner, in the well-known "novel," *Rosalynde*. The verses run thus:

Phoebe sate,
Sweet she sate,
Sweetest sate Phoebe when I saw her,
.....
Phoebe sat
By a fount;
Sitting by a fount I spied her.

Nash parodied (*Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatory*, ed. Huth Library):

Down I sat,
I sat down
Where Flora had bestowed her graces,
Green it was,
It was green
Far passing other places.
.....
There I sat,
I sat there,
Viewing of this pride of places:
Straight I saw,
I saw straight
The sweetest fair of all fair faces.

Less delicate, though certainly more direct, is Jonson's parody, stanza for stanza, of an immortal Song of George Wither. Wither had written:

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?

Or my cheeks make pale with care,
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flowery meads in May!
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I, how fair she be?

Jonson replied:

Shall I, mine affections slack,
 'Cause I see a woman's black?
 Or myself with care cast down,
 'Cause I see a woman's brown?
 Be she blacker than the night,
 Or the blackest jet in sight!
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how black she be?

Can it be that Jonson had in mind, in this stanza, Shakespeare's well-known sonnet, beginning: "My Mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun?" Another poem, graver and finer than Jonson's, though also written under the suggestion of Wither's, will be found in Hannah's *Poems of Raleigh*, etc., p. 82, in which occurs this stanza:

Shall I like an hermit dwell
 On a rock or in a cell,
 Calling home the smallest part
 That is missing of my heart,
 To bestow it, where I may
 Meet a rival every day?
 If she undervalue me,
 What care I how fair she be?

In a volume entitled *Poems by Francis Beaumont*, printed in 1640, there is a poem *On the Life of Man*. It has also been included amongst the works of Bishop Henry King. (See *The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*, ed. Dyce, ii, 952; and *Poems of King*, ed. Hannah, pp. lxii, cxviii.)

Like to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flight of eagles are,
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue
 Or silver drops of morning dew

 Even such is man, whose borrowed light
 Is straight called in and paid to night:

 The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
 The flight is past, the man forgot.

Ellis in his *Specimens of Early English Poets* (ii, 339), quotes from a series of similitudes on the same theme, which he refers to the authorship of one Simon Wastell in a book entitled *Microbillion*, 1629. If the poem from which I have just quoted is Beaumont's, the question of priority is easily settled. In any case the in-

feriority of Wastell's work would point to it as the imitation.

Like the damask rose you see,
 Or like the blossoms of the tree,
 Or like the dainty flower of May,
 Or like the morning of the day, etc.

E'en such is man;—whose thread is spun,
 Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.—
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth, etc.

Once more we meet with a string of similitudes, this time evidently intentionally absurd, applied to the same subject. These verses, which I find in *Wit's Recreation*, a species of degenerate anthology or miscellany, published in several editions between 1640 and 1680, are the work of Bishop Corbet, and are appropriately entitled, *A Messe of Non-sense*. A few lines will suffice:

Like to the tone of unspoke speeches,
 Or like a lobster clad in logic breeches,
 Or like the gray frieze of a crimson cat,
 Or like a mooncalf in a slipshoe-hat,
 Or like a shadow when the sun is gone,
 Or like a thought that ne'er was thought upon:

E'en such is man, who breathless, without doubt,
 Spake to small purpose when his tongue was out.

The poetry of Donne from its originality, and the cynical mood in which he frequently indulges, led to many replies and imitations. The Song beginning: *Go and catch a falling star*, especially calls into question woman's faith and fidelity, and affirms that one who has ridden "ten thousand days and nights," upon his return must swear,

Nowhere
 Lives a woman true and fair.

In Habington's *Castara*, the theme of which is the praise of chastity and womanly virtue, there is a direct answer to this poem, entitled, *Against them that lay unchastity to women*. This poem begins:

They meet with but unwholesome springs
 And summers which infectious are,
 They hear but when the mermaid sings,
 And only see the falling star,
 Who ever dare
 Affirm no woman chaste and fair.

Another very popular poem of Donne is entitled *The Indifferent*. In it the poet affirms his affluent ability to "love both fair and brown,"

Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betrays,
Her who loves loneness best, her who masks and plays.

The earliest imitation of this poem with which I am acquainted is that of Alexander Brome. (See Calmer's *English Poets*, vi, 645.) The second stanza runs:

I vow, I am so far from loving none,
That I love everyone:
If fair, I must; if brown she be,
She's lovely, and for sympathy,
'Cause we're alike, I love her;
If tall, she's proper; and if short,
She's humble, and I love her for't.

Cowley's *Inconstant* is modelled on the same poem, and from certain similarities of expression may have been another source or an imitation of Brome's verses; it might be difficult to determine which. Brome was about Cowley's age, and his works, though doubtless written long before, were not published until the year of the Restoration. This stanza from Cowley's *Inconstant* will sufficiently indicate the parallel to which I refer:

If tall, the name of "proper" slays,
If fair, she's pleasant in the light,
If low, her prettiness does please,
If black, what lover loves not night?
If yellow-haired, I love lest it should be
Th' excuse to others for not loving me.

A fourth poem on the same theme is Suckling's *Guiltless Inconstant*.

Without going into the particulars, other borrowings from Donne will be found in these cases: Donne's *Love's Growth* and his *Woman's Constancy* are respectively the sources of Suckling's *True Love and Constancy*; and Donne's *Absence hear thou my protestation* (for which see Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*), which repeats as a central idea the thought of his song: *Soul's joy, now I am gone*, offers Carew the suggestion of one of the most effective passages of his poem, *To his Mistress Confined*.

Waller's well-known song, *Go lovely rose*, appears in *Wit's Recreations*, with two other poems all nearly on the same theme. One of these is Waller's own, beginning: *Lately on yonder fragrant bush*, the other is a poem of Herrick, in subject and manner sufficiently close to raise the question, who was the borrower? Herrick's lines run:

Go happy rose, and interweave
With other flowers blind my love;
Tell her too, she must not be

Longer peevish, longer free,
That so long hath fettered me, etc.

This parallel I find noted by Mr. G. Thorne Drury, in his excellent edition of Waller, together with a number of others bearing upon this poem. The mention of this most popular of the lyrics of Waller naturally suggests the poem that shares that popularity, the lines *On a Girdle*, and a couple of parallels not given by Mr. Drury. In his charming little poem, *Upon Julia's Ribband*, Herrick says in simple affirmation as to that article of Julia's attire:

Nay 'tis the zonulet of love
Wherein all pleasures of the world are wove.

The language is direct, the idea fancifully but tastefully treated; Herrick employs an unusual and musical word, "zonulet," and his versification is free and artistic.

Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the world goes round!

cries Waller in rhetorical exclamation, reducing fancy to sense, avoiding unusual words, but practicing an end-stopped verse of unexceptional regularity. Lastly, though perhaps prior in time, Cleveland contorts the same thought into a "conceit," far-fetched and unpoetical, and asks:

Is not the universe straight-laced,
When I can clasp it in a waist?

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THE PASTORAL ELEMENT IN THE ENGLISH DRAMA BEFORE 1605.

MOST accounts of the English pastoral drama have begun with Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* or Daniel's *Queen's Arcadia*. There have been references, of course, to some of Lyly's plays, Peele's *Arraignment of Paris* and Sidney's *May Lady*, but there has been no recognition of a continuous and considerable development of the pastoral drama before Daniel and Fletcher introduced the genre already highly developed by Tasso and Guarini.

It is the purpose of this paper to present evidence of such a development before 1605, the date of Daniel's *Arcadia*; and this evidence will fall naturally into two divisions. First, we shall consider evidence of a pastoral element in entertainments and shows presented to the